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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1856.

The Publication Office of THE CRAYON is removed to the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTEN, No. 768 Broadway, where subscriptions will be received, and all business transacted connected with the publication of this Magazine. Letters and communications relative to Editorial or business matters to be addressed to the subscribers, directed as above.

STILLMAN & DURAND.

TO ARTISTS—We have to urge artists at home and abroad, as well as amateurs, learned and unlearned, to favor us with communications. We desire earnestly to have THE CRAYON the embodiment of the Art feeling and thought of the present time. Our columns are open to every mind, the Editors reserving only the right of deciding between positive interest and monotony. Will our artist friends and others interested think of it?

Sketchings.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Although we are glad to have an exhibition this year, we regret, with all concerned, that the rooms the Academy are forced to rent for the occasion are not sufficiently capacious to display all the pictures which might otherwise be exhibited in rooms of the size required. We believe that artists are expected to contribute one or two pictures only, so that all may be satisfactorily represented on the walls, a regulation impartial to artists, but not so agreeable to the public in general.

When will the Academy erect a building with "ample space and verge enough" for its purposes?—is a question frequently asked, and one not easily answered, so far as fixing the time is concerned. We have no reason to condemn the institution for delay in this matter, because we are aware that important prudential considerations control the movements of its trustees and managers. They say there are many reasons why property should not be bought, and a building erected, the first of which is sufficient, without mentioning another: *the institution has no money to do it with.* The property of the Academy consists of securities not marketable in Wall street, as a good note is any day for the face of it; and, though possessing actual value when the time comes for converting them into cash, they are not at present at all to be considered as money in hand, or its equivalent. The institution, therefore, would assume a risk similar to that of an entire new debt, should it undertake to purchase property, and put up a building at the present time. If this reason is not conclusive for all who reflect upon it, there is yet another more important still. That the Academy possesses any property at all, is owing to the admirable financial and business management of its friendly trustees, and its indefatigable vice-president. The trustees proved the interest they took in its affairs, years ago, by loaning money to the Academy while in straitened circumstances; they placed it out of danger by assuming a large portion of its debt, in order to get it out of debt; they did not extend their aid to it with the intention of con-

tinuing a risk, or having the Academy continue in debt; and, now that its debts are nearly liquidated, in their judgment, they do not deem it for the Academy's interest to incur any risk at all, with a remnant of indebtedness remaining undischarged. Whatever ultimate obligations they may recommend the Academy to assume, the policy of to-day is, to remove whatever may interfere with energetic action at the proper time.

It is a fashion now-a-days, both with individuals and institutions (including churches), to embarrass themselves with debt, and then work or wriggle out of it as best they can: it seems as if a heavy load to carry was essential to excite ardor and stimulate exertion. The high-pressure engine of human will, with such steam driving its forcing apparatus, puffs along without regard to people or principles, its vapor too often concealing unfairness, as it rushes onward to subsequent difficulties. All this movement is dubbed "Yankee energy," a virtue (?) that is the source of more unwarrantable trouble and heart-burnings than any real weakness the nation possesses. For one, we should like to see our Art-institution, as an example to all, progress upon a cash capital, without business care, rather than upon inflated credit, with the above "virtue" to back it. We trust the Academy will not move before the proper time comes, and then move vigorously. Before that times arrives, the Academy needs to be reformed. We think it behind the age in its plans and aims; exhibiting, in many respects, purposes adapted for a past and very different kind of usefulness than what this day and generation calls for. Who will suggest a plan?

THE BLIND SCULPTOR.

SOME years ago there lived a little blind girl, whose acquaintance we enjoyed, whose beautiful character touched the sympathies and excited the love of all who beheld her. Her face was radiant with spiritual elevation. Her soul seemed ever occupied by a calm, heavenly, inward light, which illumined her whole being, and shed its sweet influence upon all her companions: she shone in the midst of her school-mates like a central sun. About her there was a sense of subdued power, which, it was feared, would continue always subservient to her infirmity, for she needed only to see to shine transcendently among the daughters of men. And it soon became evident that she would be forever debarred from the ripe fulfillment of her mental capacities.

The love of beauty, and its expression by Art, seemed the dominant bent of her mind. Sternly forbidden the glorious gift of light, she sweetly resigned herself to her narrow limits. With burning enthusiasm she listened to the humming voice of busy nature, enjoyed the fragrance of the flowers, and lost herself in rapt emotion as her pale hands wandered over the various forms of tangible objects. During recitals of stories of Art, her hands struggled restlessly, as if seeking the means to express her sense of the subject under discussion.

One day she was permitted to examine a

marble statue. Her hands passed almost convulsively over its form, while she was lost in a profound emotion. A new creation had dawned upon her soul, and ever after her mind was intensely occupied by the desire of producing sculptured objects. When first some soft clay was given her to model in, her hands rapidly shaped a rude form of the human face; vague and incoherent, but hinting at her ideal in massive forms, and almost incomprehensible details. After many days of untiring effort, solely self-corrected, her hands gained power, and it was plainly visible what she was aiming to express. It was the face of her beloved mother, whose features she was ever touching, to gather its emotion or temper for the moment. Even this rude mass of clay, so often modelled and remodelled by her unwearied hands, had, in its almost shapeless rudeness, the distinguishable lineaments of her mother's countenance.

From these first efforts, her powers were developed until she was able to produce a bust of surpassing accuracy of likeness, though often disfigured by the grossest errors of detail. Still there was the unmistakable likeness. Broad forms were made out with precision, and massed in with an abandon and a certain careless grace, that looked more like creation than imitation. She pursued her Art, for two or three years, with untiring enthusiasm, almost to the exclusion of all other thoughts and occupations. There were evidences in her great brain, and in her energy, of the possession of very great powers. Gifted with sight, she might have become a genius of unprecedented greatness.

But, at the early age of ten, she contracted a disease of the brain, from, as it was supposed, too much effort in her Art, and suddenly died—to the infinite grief of those who knew her, and who loved her for a sweetness, resignation, and forgiveness of temper, almost unexampled.

REMINISCENCES OF VANDERLYN.

MIDWAY between the villages of Rondout and Kingston, a little removed from the thronged and dusty thoroughfare which connects the two towns, a few years ago, a clear, bright streamlet started from springs that lay hidden in ferns and broad water-docks, bubbled down through a wooded valley with precipitous sides shadowed with birch, and hemlock, and chestnut, and glimmering over sandy shallows, stopping for awhile half-way down in the deep, green pond which reflected a ruined mill, and which occasionally gave up to the musing angel perfect wonders of speckled trout—and again stealing away, by thicket and meadow, for a mile, poured itself into the Rondout Creek. We called the place "Jacob's Valley," in whose dreamy seclusion I have passed many of my earlier hours, angling along the limpid stream, or frolicking on Saturday afternoons, with a troop of school companions in the old mill. The very spirit of peace and quiet seemed to dwell here. You approached it by dim, scarcely discernible wood paths, and heard the tinkle of a cow-bell down by the margin of the stream, or caught the sudden note of the thrush, the low complaint of the phebe, or half paused to listen to the subdued roar of the village furnace, that through the distance came mellowed to the low murmur of the bee. It is changed now, but still pleasant. A road goes down the valley. The clatter of a mill has driven away the olden peace. The axe has laid

low the oldest, grandest trees; and the advancing suburbs of the town almost look down into its depths.

I seldom go there now, for the trout are gone, the quiet is gone, and the grand old trees are gone. I will venture, too, that I would look in vain for the white umbrella of Mr. —, which occasionally gleamed out from the green nooks, in the days when he used to come to Kingston; when I used to think it would be worth a kingdom to look over his shoulder, and see how he got the effects which I vainly sought in my scorching, garret studio. Upon the level plateau which crosses the eastern slope of the valley, they have laid out a cemetery, in all the hardness and stiffness of which angles are capable, underneath the low pines which grow as thickly as canes in a brake. Here Vanderlyn lies buried, with nothing but the swelling sod which covers his breast to mark his grave. He sleeps in the arms of that sweet relief which follows the flying hopes of youth, the scattered longings of ambition, the broken promises of fame. To all the injustice which he suffered while living, to the unkind forgetfulness which is gathering above his dust, it shall be my pains to oppose the following brief and broken lance at facts of his life, which I have been enabled to collect from authentic sources—a life which, in its details, possesses all the interest of a romance.

The absurd story of his first having been brought to the notice of Burr through the medium of a drawing on a smith's door, may answer very well as a story, but is far from the truth. While engaged in a paint-store in New York, he copied a portrait of Burr, which Major Van Gaasbeck, then a member of Congress from this district, bought. The major was intimately acquainted with Burr, to whom he one day mentioned the fact of his having a portrait of him, painted by a young Kingstonian, who, in his opinion, possessed extraordinary talent, and whose genius he thought ought to be encouraged. The conversation made an impression upon Burr, and he did not forget the boy. One day, some time after, while Vanderlyn was in New York, he found an anonymous note upon his table, requesting him to call at a certain office at the corner of what are now Church and — sts. He did so, and found there Provost, Burr's step-son, who, upon reading the note, told him it was from Col. Burr, and directed him to Burr's house at Richmond Hill, where he was cordially received by that gentleman. After a lengthy interview, it was arranged between them that he should go with Stuart, and commence the study of Art under Burr's immediate patronage. Vanderlyn went with Stuart, at Philadelphia, who was at that time painting his celebrated portrait of Washington. He frequently met Washington at Stuart's studio, and spoke often afterwards of his geniality and hearty good humor. It is said that he painted parts of this great picture, but probably in a subordinate way. After having been with Stuart for some time, the latter considered him prepared to visit Europe with profit, and wrote Burr to that effect, who at once sent for him to come to New York to make preparations for his departure, which he did shortly after. He first went to Paris, and studied in the life and antique schools of that city, remaining abroad about two years, when he returned to New York. About 1807, he again sailed for Paris, having in the meantime visited Niagara, and made sketches for his pictures of the cataract, which were engraved in Europe on his second visit. From Paris he went to Rome, by way of Holland, as bearer of despatches from the then minister to England, accompanied by Washington Allston, between whom and Vanderlyn there grew up a very close intimacy.

They journeyed through Switzerland, and crossed the Alps, and at Rome, both took rooms

together in a house once occupied by Salvator Rosa. While here sitting one moonlight evening, amid the ruins of the Coliseum, Allston suggested to him as a subject for a picture, "Marius Among the Ruins of Carthage," which struck him so forcibly that he painted it at once. This picture procured him the highest honors at Rome, where he was considered one of the most promising among the many artists who were living there at that time.

From Rome he returned to France, and exhibited his picture of Marius, which Napoleon pronounced the best picture in the gallery, and ordered a medal to be presented to the artist. He remained in France until 1812. Meanwhile Burr, an outcast, came to Paris, where he still aided Vanderlyn with his purse as well as his counsel. Burr's letters to him about this time, and indeed always, are full of a deep and fatherly interest in him, and are the best exponents of his sincere and anxious solicitude concerning his success. After the tide of Napoleon's prosperity had turned, he once more set his face towards home; and shortly after his arrival in his native land, entered upon his "Rotunda" scheme in the city of New York, which resulted disastrously, and embittered all his after life. In 1836 (I think), he received a commission from Congress to paint the "Landing of Columbus," and once more went abroad to prosecute the work, which was finished about 1845, and after having been exhibited through the principal cities of the Union, was finally placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol. After the completion of this picture, his life seemed to have been aimless, although he frequently spoke of painting a large picture of the discovery of his life was passed in Washington, and the remainder in Kingston, the place of his birth, sometimes engaged in portrait-painting, but often employing his leisure hours in visiting, with a friend, the romantic scenery of his native country. It was during this time that I became acquainted with him; and, although I shrank from an intimacy with a man whose curliness was proverbial, I shall never cease to regret that a natural reserve and timidity, together with a profound respect amounting almost to reverence, prevented me from encouraging the genuine courtesy he invariably extended to me, and that true dignity of manner which always invites, rather than discourages, familiarity.

One pleasant morning in October, 1852, while on his way from Rondout to Kingston, he was met by a friend (and the only one with whom he was on terms of perfect intimacy), from whom he craved a shilling with which to pay for the carriage of his baggage from the steamboat to Kingston. He was ill then, and shortly after his arrival at the hotel, was taken to his bed. The friend referred to went about quietly and collected the means to pay his board for a time, but it was never needed. Requesting that he might be left alone, he abandoned himself to the loneliness of his situation, and one bright October morning they found him dead in his bed, in his low room that looked out into a stable-yard, without even a curtain to shield the sunlight from his dying eyes. His left hand seemed as if grasping his palette, and a look of calm, heroic submission upon his face, told how grandly he had passed to the glories of an immortal state, in all the pomp of some gorgeous and inexpressible conception of beauty. He had selected his burial-place at Monteprose cemetery, near Rondout, upon a little knoll, shaded with a spreading chestnut, and looking out upon the Catskills, where he used frequently to pass a season in quiet reflection; but he was not permitted to rest there. A spirit of rivalry and jealousy, which had not the generosity to strive in honorable emulation to accord him while living the respect and consideration which were eminently his right, contended for his senseless dust, and violating

a known wish of his last hours, buried him where he now lies.

As regards his rank as a painter, I feel that I am too unfamiliar with his best works to form an unbiased judgment. I never saw his "Marius" nor his "Ariadne," and it is several years since I saw his "Columbus;" yet at that time it made a deep impression upon me. A lofty grandeur seemed to pervade the picture, and the commanding figure of Columbus, invested with all the solemn dignity, the earnest gratitude, and the far-reaching results of the occasion, stood out before me a god upon the canvas. I recognized in its treatment indeed the spirit which dictated his feeling reply to the commission which appointed him to execute the work, regretting that it had not been accorded to him when in the vigor of his manhood he vainly sought the honor of producing a worthy his country; yet it carried me away with the epic solemnity of its conception and its grand, yet simple expression. I knew Vanderlyn best in his works as a portrait-painter, many of which are now in the possession of families of this immediate neighborhood. His great knowledge of character and ready perception of individuality, his happy faculty of drawing forth and fixing upon his canvas whatever of poetry or depth of feeling, however latent or concealed, dwelt in his subject, speaks forth in every lineament which his hand had moulded into classic beauty. In the studio of his nephew, John Vanderlyn, Jun., at Kingston, there is a portrait of his niece, painted at two sittings, whose vigorous drawing, exquisiteness of color, and depth of sentiment, have charmed me again and again. Mr. Vanderlyn has also in his possession various portraits, and many sketches and studies, by his uncle; some of which, particularly those made for his "Columbus," are exceedingly bold and masterly.

A few days ago I had an opportunity of comparing his portraits with Inman's. Vanderlyn's were family portraits; that of Inman a portrait of Rev. Dr. Matthews, a picture full of glowing and delicate color, and exquisite grace of treatment, yet lacking the vigor, the poetry, the grandeur of the thoughtful, half-shadowed faces of Vanderlyn.

The old fathers of American Art are dropping from our midst, and it becomes us, their foster-children, reverently to preserve, and religiously to honor, the striking traits of their character and genius, which, through all the vicissitudes and disparagements of their almost invariably baffled careers, led them to forego the momentary pleasures and advantages of life, for the high and exalted companionship of the True and the Beautiful.

As an humble tribute to the memory and genius of one who, while living, suffered from misrepresentation and detraction, and at last died heart-broken and disappointed, the brief sketch has been written. His intimate friend, and almost sole companion of his later years, by whom principally the above facts were communicated, has in progress a biography of the painter, compiled from his journals, letters, and, in good part, from personal communications by Vanderlyn, which cannot but possess extraordinary interest. It remains for him to do full justice to his merits, faithfully to dissect and expose as well his weaknesses that we may decide wherein he failed, as fail he did, as far as regards immediate extended fame and honor.

Jerbis McIntire.

Messrs. Editors:

It has long been to many, my dear CRAYON, matter of surprise, that persons interested in, or having control of, public institutions in our country, especially old and well-established colleges, do not endeavor to obtain, for the benefit of their pupils and the interests of education at large, a small collection of good pictures. There are few things more agreeable and refining to

the mind, than a taste for works of Art. Many of the graduates of our colleges, though well-educated, perhaps, as far as mere book learning goes, are often sadly destitute of refinement of taste and manners. Even clergymen, who should of all men be distinguished for refinement, are often so uncouth as materially to mar their usefulness in life. We do not expect or desire that all professional men should be artists. The time devoted to a collegiate course of study in this country is far too limited to allow any portion of it to be devoted to the study of Art, to attain eminence in which requires a lifetime even on the part of the small number pre-eminently qualified for it by Nature. We do maintain, however, that sufficient knowledge may be obtained by every man of education, and without education, to enable him to judge intelligently, and enjoy to a very high degree works of Art. In order to this, our large cities should have public galleries, for the benefit of the masses, and our colleges each a few good pictures, as refreshing fountains to which the weary mind of the student may revert, and drink in the harmony and beauty of Nature in pictorial garb, or turn from written to painted delineations of men and things long since departed. Who can doubt that any picture by one of our artists—a happy, sunny, tranquilizing landscape—with everything to please, and nothing to offend the eye, would, if hung upon the walls of "Union" or "Princeton," have a most beneficial effect upon the mind of the student, and materially aid in substituting refinement and delicacy of feeling and manner, for that boorish deportment which distinguishes, mentally and physically, too many of our young men fresh from college.

It is a fact well worth the serious attention of those interested, that Yale College has long stood far before all others in our country for the thorough training, and refined and gentle bearing of her graduates,* among whom she numbers some of our first artists. Whence this superiority? We would not detract in the slightest degree from what is justly due to her able corps of professors, yet other colleges are no less favored in this respect.

May it not be in some measure owing to the silent teachings of her walls, hung with works of Art, which refine and beautify the mind of the young student, the better prepare him for his other studies, and, while serving as a relaxation to the mind, fit him for intercourse with the noble and cultivated, when he shall have completed his course, and gone forth to struggle with the world. Yale is the only college in our country, we believe, that has a gallery of pictures.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

MR. CROSEY has upon his easel a rural landscape, which is in his best style. He is arranging to leave in the spring for England, where he expects to remain a few years, practising his Art. Before he leaves, he will have a public sale of the large number of paintings and sketches which crowd his interesting studio in White street. The list includes some of his largest and most ambitious works.

* We presume that our correspondent will give to any one his permission to differ from him as to the respective merits of colleges. Few of us have tried more than one, and therefore can scarcely be fitted to judge among many; but we should be unwilling that his argument for Art, as an element in education, should rest on such disputable grounds as the relative positions of such institutions. *Nos collegiis juvat* elsewhere, and fidelity to Alma Mater, will not permit us to endorse so sweeping a comparison; but our correspondent's ideas are none the less worth consideration.—*ENS. CRAYON.*

WE have been interested in seeing the studies of Mr. PERKINS, a young beginner, formerly a pupil of Mr. Cropsey, who has been laboring, industriously and successfully, face to face with landscape Nature. His studies are very conscientious, and evince a true love of Nature in her most beautiful moods. We shall watch with great interest his future progress. Nothing is denied to earnest and patient perseverance.

MR. SHATTUCK has several new pictures under way, and finished. His walls are covered with his sketches, which evince great talent. One of his late pictures, a meadow brook, spreading out upon the sands in the foreground, and losing itself in the shadow of overhanging trees, has been very much admired by his artist friends. He is now painting a scene, with the difficult effect of the sun, at the approach of evening, shining directly upon the objects which he is painting. The result is very happy. Mr. Shattuck will have several pictures in the Academy exhibition.

In the artists' exhibition-room, in Dodworth's building, there is a very beautiful female head, by Mr. GREENE. It is very pure in sentiment, and painted with exquisite grace and delicacy.

A coast scene, in the same room, by Mr. HART, is a very beautiful little picture, full of delicate handling, and that rare choice of delicate greys, which is so much relished by artists. In this room there are many pictures which are open to the free inspection of all who wish to see them. The lover of Art will do well to visit it.

MR. POWERS, the sculptor, in a letter to a gentleman, which is published in the newspapers, intimates that he is contemplating a return to America. He says that the rumor that he is suffering from poverty is incorrect, but that, on the contrary, he is pecuniarily successful.

CLARK MILLS' equestrian statue of General Jackson was inaugurated with great pomp and ceremony, at New Orleans, on the late anniversary of the battle. We believe the testimony of artists is, that this statue is beneath criticism. In the minds of Congressmen, we understand its chief merit is believed to consist in its being balanced on its hind legs. It would seem that the legitimate labors of a great natural steelyard-maker have been lost to the world, by such productions as this ponderous statue. When will our statesmen and public know how to judge between the ability to *secure* a commission, and the ability to properly *execute* it when got? *

MR. EDMONDS is engaged upon two pictures, entitled, "The Thirsty Drover," and "Time to go Home." In the first picture, a drover has stopped to obtain a drink from a country well; over it is one of the long *sweeps* (to which a bucket is attached), a primitive machine, common in our country, but which is fast disappearing before water-rams and *patent* Egyptian bucket-lifters, or species of *sakkiehs*. Near the well is a woman engaged in washing, and by her side two children; the house furnishes

the background on the left, while on the right the eye dwells upon a receding drove of cattle. The second picture represents the parents of a young girl hinting "notice to quit" to her beau, by raking out the fire, and getting ready to shut up for the night, the clock-dial indicating the hour of ten—*time to go home*. The first of these pictures will be in the forthcoming exhibition.

MR. RICHARDS has a portfolio containing twenty-five colored sketches of "Sunnyside," the residence of Washington Irving, forming an interesting series for amateurs and collectors of drawings.

MR. ELLIOTT has in his room some newly-finished portraits, among which is a large, full-length of Governor Hunt. The governor is represented pausing at the top of a flight of marble stairs, whose winding baluster, curving down, leads the eye to the perception of a space below. The whole composition is very happy, while the color and likeness are equal to Mr. Elliott's best efforts. We believe this picture will grace the coming exhibition of the Academy.

MR. CHURCH is engaged upon a large landscape for the exhibition. It is to be an autumn scene, we believe, and representative of home scenery.

MR. HAYS has just finished a picture representing a group of four terrier-dogs busily engaged in pursuit of an invisible animal that has sought safety in the stone wall at the foot of which the dogs are placed. This picture is a decided advance upon previous efforts. Mr. Hays has in his studio a number of pictures of dead game, besides several careful studies from nature; also a lithograph of a dog's head with a bird in his mouth, executed in Paris after one of his paintings; which, for the fidelity of its reproduction, particularly in respect to color, is an excellent work.

We have a great liking for that branch of Pictorial Art called the *Panorama*. We have the pleasantest recollections of various panoramas once exhibited in this city, including the remarkably fine artistic views of Rome, Jerusalem, Bay of Islands, Lima, &c., by Catherwood; and the no less impressive cosmographic views by Professor Sattler, the like of which we shall never, perhaps, see again. Smith's panorama of Europe is a good one; and everybody should visit Heine and West's panorama of China and Japan. We notice a panorama now exhibiting in Boston, which we hope to have an opportunity of seeing in this city, being a representation of Jerusalem and Palestine, "belonging to and explained by Dr. Barclay, formerly residing in that interesting city." We heartily endorse the recommendation from the *Christian Register*, Boston, "that the qualifications of Dr. Barclay and his family for delineating and describing the scenes, costumes, and condition of the Holy Land are of the highest order."

In a late Washington paper—the *Evening Star*—we find the following items:

"The room which is being finished in the new

south wing of the Capitol extension, for the Committee on Agriculture, is to be painted in fresco, by C. Brumidi, of Rome. Upon the four concave arches of the vaulted ceiling are allegorical groups portraying the different seasons, represented by Flora, Ceres, Boreas, and Bacchus, while between them are groups of Cupids and of flowers in dead bronze. Over one entrance door is a medallion portrait of Washington, supported by figures representing Victory and America; opposite is a similar portrait of Jefferson, supported by Peace and History. In the semi-cycle surrounding the eastern side is the well-known classical group, "Cincinnatus called from the plow to serve as Dictator of Rome." Opposite, the artist intends to paint "General Putnam called from the plow to command in the Revolutionary Army."¹

MR. JOHN CRANCH is at present engaged on a historical composition—David playing the harp before Saul.

MR. HENRY WILLARD, of Boston, exhibits at Taylor & Maury's a picture, representing the scene in Dante's Inferno, where Virgil and Dante encounter Francesca de Rimini, who, with her lover, is wafted onward by the whirlwind.

MR. T. K. WOOD is painting portraits; among them one of the Hon. George P. Marsh. Among other portrait-painters we notice the names of Messrs. E. Johnson, "young" Washington, and C. B. King. Landscape Art is represented in this district by Messrs. Wm. McLeod, A. H. Clements, Oscar Bessau, and Charles Lanman, all of whom, we judge by this "note of what the writer saw," have been pleasantly and profitably engaged. We hope to see some of their pictures in the forthcoming exhibition of the Academy.

Our portrait-painters, generally, have been actively employed during the winter. The Academy will exhibit the result of their labors, and we look forward to the opportunity of enjoying it with unusual interest. From our own observation, and the reports of others, we can testify to great progress in this branch of Art. Among the portraits we have seen lately, and which we hope to see in the Academy, are, a head of R. Withers, Esq., by BOGLE; a lady's portrait, by BAKER; also, two by GREENE; Hicks's cabinet portrait and picture of Bayard Taylor; a head of H. K. Brown, by G. FULLER; and Mr. CARPENTER's Washington celebrities.

We hear of fine crayon drawings by Mr. LAWRENCE; also by Mr. COLLYER. MRS. DANSELL and Miss STEBBINS, will, we believe, also contribute a picture of this class. MESSRS. DARBY, CAPPERTY, MOONEY, SHEGGOGUE, PRATT, LOOP, MATHEWS, JENKINS, LAZARUS, and a host of others, will, we believe, contribute to a full representation of this department of Art.

We understand that a couple of pictures—"The Wreath of Wild Flowers" and "Little Red Riding Hood," by Mr. J. T. PEELE, are likely to be at the next Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Mr. Peele has left London, and is now a resident of Liverpool, where he devotes his time to portrait-painting.

THE large casting of the body of the horse of Mr. Brown's equestrian statue of Washington, which has been so long delayed by the obstruct-

ed railways, has been received in good order at the artist's studio in Brooklyn. It is a remarkably perfect casting, and may be considered a great triumph of this branch of Art, since it is the largest piece of the kind ever attempted in America.

The passage of the colossal trunk down Broadway on a sled, was attended to the ferry by a wondering crowd. Some idea of its dimensions may be conceived, when it is stated that this piece alone, a mere shell of metal, weighs 2,700 pounds. The statue will, probably, be finished in the spring, when it will be placed upon its pedestal by Union Square.

THE RHODE ISLAND ART-ASSOCIATION.—We have to chronicle the steady progress in the right direction of the Rhode Island Art Association. There is an earnestness and vitality apparent in this institution, which is encouraging to all who are interested in the diffusion of Art-influences. We look forward to the result of the labors of this institution with more than usual interest, because it exists in a manufacturing city, a locality specially useful for disseminating a knowledge of Art in a way to make it "pay." We do not merely believe—we know that manufacturing will not progress here much beyond the art of imitating foreign goods, whatever description of goods they may be, until the element of Art called *designing* is studied, and developed more than it is now, with special reference to its application to our manufacturing interests. We possess thousands of hands and tons of machinery to execute, where we have one mind to conceive an original design. Manufacturers had better look to it.

The R. I. Association have in operation a school for drawing from the Antique, in which there are sixteen pupils. This is an excellent beginning, and one indicative of there having been a need for such a school. At the close of the late exhibition (about two weeks since), a paper on American Art was read by George C. Mason, Esq., of Newport, one of the earnest friends of Art, who both writes and speaks for it lovingly. It was received with marked attention and applause.

ON ROCK CREEK, O., Dec. 31, 1855.

DEAR CRAYON.—I write partly from promise, but more for the pleasure it affords. I feel out of the Art-atmosphere entirely, but I have before me what will compensate, to a good degree, this absence. This is one of those old stone fire-places which the conventionalists of fashion cannot eradicate. It is sacredly linked in the minds of the old inhabitants with scenes of by-gone days, when the forest stood around them in its primeval greatness, and the wolf howled out his angry scream upon the midnight darkness. It has often cheered the benighted emigrant, or the hardy hunter, and the smoke of its fire has ascended peacefully alike to the smiling heaven and the angry storm. Then, on the huge iron fire-dogs smoulder great logs of the maple and beech, and back in the corner stands an abundance of the same in reserve. My silver-haired friend sits on the hearth, in his old greasy chair, putting on his fur-lined overshoes and wool-leggings. At his feet lays an old hound, looking eagerly into his master's face,

for the gun has not been taken from the hooks over the door, and its lock carefully examined, without exciting the suspicion of "Mike." This scene reminds me of Leather Stocking and his dog, and I can well imagine Mr. Cooper's hero equipping for a hunt. There is abundant cause for "Mike's" suspicion, for a couple of deer have been seen in the neighborhood, and that is enough to make the old man young again. He is playing a sharp game, for the boys have already gone out, but the old man says he will "head the boys yet, by getting a sly crack at the deer as they cross the pond." I would sooner think of his success than the others, for there is a knowing twinkle in his eye, and his step is lighter and firmer this morning than I have seen it before. He will not consent to my going with him, but has promised that I may come out after he has shot. I am taking a kind of revenge on him now for not letting me go. "Ha! young un," he said, when I asked him to let me accompany him, "your hair would stand on end if you should see 'em coming toward you." I saw there was no use arguing the matter, so I submitted with the best grace possible.

The logs in the fireplace have taken a tumble, and scattered themselves over the hearth, sending the sparks up the chimney in a gush of light, like the birth of a myriad of new stars, such a glow did they give out. I love to sit at twilight, in a kind of halo of mixed warmth and shadow, which the fire makes when the apples are brought up, and the hickory nuts are being cracked; and shall I mention it (that pitcher of sparkling ghost)—no, it is too aggravating, to call up the ghoul only of so good a thing. (Pardon this weakness, reader, I am not under York State "Maine Law," and therefore not accountable to it.) This is emphatically "a land flowing with milk and honey." You should go into a store house here, and see the great tempting cheeses being packed there. Only think of one weighing 1,500 lbs., two feet or more deep, and large enough to dash your cartilion upon it. It is prodigious, isn't it? But such have been made here. I can compare them to nothing, except a harvest-moon, rising out of the warm east at dusk. The landscape hereabouts is flat and monotonous; on every hand, broad fields dotted profusely with stacks of hay, over which winter has thrown its white snow blanket. The fences cut each other at right-angles, and the roads do the same. There is no twisting about to avoid hills, for they are not to be found.

Farm-houses and barns, straw-stacks and granaries, are all relieved by a background of tall forest, in patches here and there, and far off, a long line of trees give the horizon in an unbroken line. We are having now what is called snow-sleighing, but a New Yorker would say it was decidedly rough. There are little minuscule snow-drifts fantastically disposed along the fence corners, out of which the thistle-stems rise, dark and brown, covered with tufts of snow, giving them the appearance of white plumes, nodding to you in silent recognition, as the wind stirs them.

The day is not far distant when Ohio will awake to the noble cause of Art, and from the broad field, the hedge-row, and alley, will come mighty voices to speak in the forum of Art. She has the root already beginning to germinate, and the tree will grow up in vigor and health, and its branches will spread wide, and perhaps overshadow that concern, already dozy—the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association. They need THE CRAYON to make them alive to the perception and appreciation of the beautiful and true. There is a mighty work open to be done by you, but we know that you are abundantly qualified for it. The plan of our State House, soon to be finished, came from the mind of our own Cole, and shall not that be made a corner stone, and thus go on from so good a found-

dation, and build therefrom a beautiful Art structure? Sons of the Buckeye State, stand erect like your own majestic emblem, and know that the present calls to you to prepare for the future. Do not your fertile plains and majestic forests call to you, saying, "Regard us, we are of God's giving?" Remember the time when you were in the wilderness, and the gale drew out deep anthems from the tree tops. Now that prosperity smiles upon you, forget not that you have a mission to fulfill, and that the beautiful will appear more beautiful, and the majestic more majestic, the more you come to doing that command of Omnipotence: "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet our Heavenly Father feeds them." C. G.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

THACKERAY.—We should know we have been reading the productions of a genuine Englishman, without the name on the title-page, or any local reference in the text. Here, in a volume of no great extent, composed of pieces which were written at intervals, during fifteen years, and without any especial aim as a whole, we have presented to us, in some guise or other, almost all of the main traits of character and phases of life incident to the being or experience of a true subject of Victoria.

Here is the Briton's all-pervading sense of loyalty:

"Behold her, in her royal place;
A gentle lady; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face,
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

"A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,
Strange mystery of God, which set
Upon her brow you coronet—
The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down!"

We might conjecture a profound loyalty evoked the poetic license in the phrase "so fair." Take again the way in which, like a genuine Englishman, he distinguishes the persons of royalty from their state and appurtenances; and while he honors the former, he condemns or ridicules the latter,

"Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!)
Before us passed, I saw them not;
I only saw a cap of hair.
Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus—
The red coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.
Go to! I hate him and his trade;
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?
Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats,
In men because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats!"

We have the Englishman's pride of country in the "May Day Song," celebrating the open-

ing of the Crystal Palace. A countryman of John Howard speaks here—

"Look yonder, where the engines toll;
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war;
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the sea."

Again, in the conclusion of "The Chronicle of the Drum," where old Pierre has told the battles that four generations of his race had drummed for, beginning with him, who

—drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre."

And continued to the narrator himself, till, at Waterloo,

"At noon we began the fell onset;
We charged up the Englishman's hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still."

After all this

"Story of two hundred years
Written on the parchment of a drum,"

we find at the close—

"What Peter told with drum and stick,
Is endless theme for poet's pen;
Is found in endless quarto's thick,
Enormous books by learned men.
And while in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian at his desk
Describes the same in classic prose.
Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
An LL. D.—a peaceful man;
Good Lord! how doth he plume himself,
Because we beat the Corsican.

Yet, we fancy there is something of an extra vigor in the lines in which he speaks of the victories of Marlborough, Wolfe, and Wellington.

British law and lawyers meet with no more praise than they deserve, in a many British way of self-accusation; and, if he frowns on them, he also tries to laugh them down.

"So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice doth abound!
British jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict proper;
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you're a right to whop her;
You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her—why, you're paid two hundred pounds."

Again, "Pleaceman X" reports—

"One sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere Pleacemen do resort,
A venerable hinstitute,
'Tis called the Pallis Court—
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

"The natur of this Court

My indignation riles:
A few fat legal spiders
Here sit and spin their viles;
To rob the town their privilege is
In an hayres of twelve miles."

He knows how to find comfort wherever he is. Read "The Cane-bottomed Chair."

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars—
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

"To mount to this realm is a toll to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure,
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

"No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that banks by the fire;
And, 'tis wonderful surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy splint.

"Long, long through the hours, and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends and old times;
As we sit in a fog mad of rich Latakis,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me."

Hear the English love of good fare—

"Indeed, a rich and savory stew, 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks."

So here—

"Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss;
Your silly entrées, and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

We have often found English beef equalled, but where is the like of English mutton? we ask. These are English sentiments and English feelings. A German, too likely, would have ended such a poem as "The White Squall" with a scoff, a Frenchman with a jest, but here is the English heart—

"And when its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making,
A prayer at home for me!"

An English gentleman!

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fall, or if you rise, I
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

But "the grizzled, grim old fogey" has the right sort of British frankness—

"Gillian's dead, God rest her bier;
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, bid I sit here;
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine."

And the proper heartiness, philosophy and all—

"Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just blis'd in this mimic page,